

THE HOUSE OF GOOD VALUES

**BILLINGS & HERZOG**1611-13 Second Ave.  
Rock Island, Ill.**What 50 cents Buys**

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**BILLINGS & HERZOG**1611-13 Second Ave.  
Rock Island, Ill.**Sale Continues Three Days, Thursday, Friday and Saturday  
If Merchandise Lasts, as Quantities are Limited**300 Wash Skirts Bought 30c on the  
Dollar

from the Brouner Manufacturing Co. of Philadelphia, who are moving their factory, and accepted our very low offer. That's why, in this 50c sale, we can sell you the biggest skirt values you ever saw—\$1.00 to \$2.00 wash skirts for 50c, principally in white, some colored materials, repp, linens, pique and taffeta, all sizes including large sizes. Come prepared to buy two, three and four skirts—why not—when you get them for the price of one? Thursday, Friday and Saturday

50c

\$1.50 to \$1.98 Bathing Suits 50c

Women's Water Sprite bathing suits, the one-piece comfortable, practical kind—while they last.

50c

Women's Waists  
75c to \$1.00 Values

Women's simple white waists in lawn, madras and voile, excellent assortment of sizes and styles.

2 for 50c

\$1.00 Black Sateen Petticoats

Several different styles, some self trimmed—a black sateen petticoat, always a handy article for any woman's wardrobe, each

50c

\$1.00 to \$2.00 House and Street Dresses

Nearly all sizes, including long crepe camisoles, floral designs—while they last.

50c

50c Bungalow Aprons

Of good quality percale, in light colors, open front, open back and middy styles, with blue chambray collar, cut extra long and full.

2 for 50c

Women's Muslin Combination Suits

Lace and embroidery trimmed, small sizes only, including children's headwear and infants' silk bonnets.

2 for 50c

Original Values  
\$1.50 to \$5.00

Children's small coats, in all wool sizes, age 2 to 3 years; children's white soiled dresses, \$6 to \$14—just 12 garments in all—while they last.

50c



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## CHAPTER XIII.

In Which We Make a Run For It.

FACED the next morning the alternative of setting her free, and once more taking up the aimless and unhappy life I had led those last three years without sight of her. Something—I suppose the great selfishness which lies under love—caused me to say, "Well, if she would come to a more reasonable way of thought, and in one thing at least I was honest with myself, deceitful as are lovers with themselves and arguing ever in their own favor, I did not know why Helen and I could, and it was perhaps my right to know."

"What has Aunt Lizzie," said Jean Lafitte after his third helping of bacon, "why does our good ship lie here idle at her anchor?"

"Ask Captain Peterson," said I. "He perhaps can tell where we can get more gasoline."

"No, he can't. I asked him this morn-

ing."

"Then twould seem we must lie here all winter, unless discovered by some relief expedition."

"Why don't we start a relief expedition of our own?" demanded he.

"And how?"

"Well, me and Willy, the deck hand, we'll take the longboat and go out and explore this region roundabout. Somebody may have gasoline somewhere, and if so we can get it, can't we?"

"Your idea is excellent, Jean Lafitte," said I. "Within the hour you shall set forth to see whether or not there is any settlement on this bayou. And that you may not need your violence when necessity is your wish, here is a purpose for our stores, and hasten for a truth, Jean Lafitte, I am most uneasy of this very morning, and I long to see the white seas roll once more."

"It's all right," cried out Jean Lafitte when he came within hail in the afternoon. And I saw now that he indeed had a boat's load of gasoline in tanks, cans and all manner of receptacles.

"Town and a store down there five miles," he explained as I caught his gunwale with both hands.

"You can get anything there. Now the Gloms and the Cubas, why, they live in the leavening yesterday. And say?"

"Enough!" said I. "Let me hear nothing of the cursed Gloms or the yet more accursed Cubas, for I have more serious work afoot. Tell me, is there a bar cutting off the other end of the bayou, and how long is the bayou?"

"I am nothing better," said I.

"And an' though you had not slept?"

"I have not, Helen."

"Why not?" her eyes wide open in surprise.

"Because I knew if had either hurt or offended you, and I would do nothing."

"You have done both so often that it should not cost you your sleep," said she slowly.

"But if you really want to know why you just have mercy on a girl who has been packed in a basket for a month? Let me go where?"

"You don't know me," said she.

"I used often to be to mamma and frequently do yet to Aunt Lucinda. But not if I say I give my word—my real word."

"When will you give me your real word, Helen?" You know what I mean—when will you say that you love me and no one else?"

"Never," said she promptly. "I hate you very much. You have been presumptuous and overbearing."

"Why then should you promenade with me?"

"For want of anything better, sir!" But she took my hand lightly, smiling as I assisted her down the landing way.

"But tell me," she added as we made our way slowly up the muddy slope, "really, Harry, how long is this thing to last? When are we going back home?"

"How can you ask? And how can I reply, save in one way, after taking the advice of yonder pirate captain, your blue eyed nephew? He says they always live happy ever after. Listen, Helena. All the world lies before us, and it is yesterday once more. The Mediterranean, Helena, now blue it is! The Bermudas, how fine they are of a winter day! And yonder lie mighty Egypt and her sands; or Paris, Helena, or Vienna, the voluptuous, with her gay ways of life; or Nagasaki, Helena—little brown folks running about and all the world white in blossoms—all the world, Helena, with only you and I in it. If I could give you all that, would I be nice?"

"Yes," said she. "But a man's place is to fight and to work. You ran away, and you lost."

"But am I not trying to recoup my fortune, Helena? You see, I have already acquired a yacht, although but a few weeks ago I started in the world with scarcely more than my bare hands. Could Monte Cristo have done more?"

"It isn't money a woman wants in a man. Aunt Lucinda and I both are weary of our harboar roader. That's what I asked you—how long?"

"As I told you, that would be a long time."

"Yes! For never in the world can you love me as I do you. I had for gotten that."

"It only you could forget everything and just be a nice young man," said she. "It is such fun. This dear old town, don't you know? Now, with a new young man to go about with, Aunt Lucinda and me."

"How would a man like Calvin Davidson do?" I demanded bitterly.

"It was 9 of fine a winter morning as the south ever saw when at last, having passed without pause all intervening ports, we found ourselves at the city of New Orleans.

"Peterson," I said, calling him to me, "go to the ship's furnishing. Tell them to have all our supplies at slip K, below the railway warehouses, not later than 9 this evening. We want four drums of gasoline; also get 2,000 rounds of ammunition for the twelve gauges, ducking loads, for we may

want to do some shooting. We also want two or three cases of grapefruit and oranges and any good fresh vegetables in market."

The old man touched his cap, but assumed, "You sure to be asked some thing," he said somewhat nervously.

"Say nothing about any change of ownership of this boat, Peterson, and don't even give the boat's name unless you must. Just say we will meet their shipping dock at slip K this evening at 8. Hurry home, Peterson, and bring a newspaper, please."

He departed inscrutably enough, seeing that the freight train was coming across with the railway train. I continued my own moods pacing up and down the deck. Truth was, I had not seen Helena for more than twenty-four hours, nor had any word come from the ladies' cabin to give me hope I ever would see her again of her own will. My impatience, therefore, was great enough when I heard the after cabin door close gently as one came out upon the deck.

"Good morning," said she casually as though we had parted but lately and thus conventionally. "Isn't it fine?"

"It is a beautiful picture," said I. "And you fit into it. I am glad to see you looking so well."

"I wish I could say as much for you," said she. "You look like a poor man. How, then, can I be nice?"

There was a whiteness in her gaze which disappoined. I could not realize Helena," said I suddenly, "give me your parole that you will not try to escape, and I will walk with you among your younger flowers. You look as though just from a Wattieu fan, my dear. It is full, but seems spring, and the world seems made for flowers and shepherds and lace, my dear. Do you give me your word?"

"I did not know your name," said she.

"I did not tell you," said she.

"I did not try to take the train. On my honor, I will not."

I looked deep into her eyes and saw, as always, only truth there—her deep brown eyes, bluid with some deep liquid light whose color I never could say—looked till my own senses swam. I could scarcely speak.

"I take your parole, Helena," I said.

"You never lied to me or any other human being in the world."

"You didn't know me," said she.

"I used often to be to mamma and frequently do yet to Aunt Lucinda. But not if I say I give my word—my real word."

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"Yes! For never in the world can you love me as I do you. I had for gotten that."

"Dear me! Is it so bad as that?"

"Worse, Helen."

"Then I am to continue a prisoner in that bather?"

"Until you love me, Helena, as I do you."

"As I told you, that would be a long time."

"Yes! For never in the world can you love me as I do you. I had for gotten that."

"It only you could forget everything and just be a nice young man," said she.

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"Very well. He is nice enough," I suppose so. He is rich, able to have his horses and cars—even his private yacht. He can order a dinner in any country in the world, or tell you the standing of any club in either tongue at any minute of the day or night. Could I say more for his education? He has two country places and a city house and a business which nets him a hundred thousand a year. How can he help being nice? I do not resemble Mr. Davidson in any particular, except that I am wearing one of his waistcoats. Also, Helena, I am wearing a suit of clothes which I have borrowed from Jim, his Chinese cook. For one ready say I am poor man. How, then, can I be nice?"

"I will try to find you a four leaf clover for your own after a while," said she, and kissed me a very pretty courtesy.

"Answered. I caught at the straw I was carrying with my umbrella and said, "I found one! I took it in two."

"I did not know your hands were so strong, Harry," said she.

"Would they were stronger," was my retort. "And were I to charge of the affairs of Providence the next thing I would do would be to wring the neck of every woman in the world."

"And then set out to put them together again, Harry?" Don't be silly."

"Oh, yes, naturally! Why does a woman love a man, Helena? You say I won't be the only. Should I then be wise?"

"You are much too wise, so that you often see me."

"Nor should we be poor?"

"Nor rich?"

"Nor ugly?"

"Certainly not. Rich men also usually are horrid. They talk about themselves too much. You look—so pointed out across the water—the train leaving this portland, isn't that Captain Potemkin going aboard the train?"

"Yes, Helena. You wait him down now to see some wild reading for you and your Aunt Lucinda—Fox's Book of Murders" and the Critiques of Pure Reason"—the latter especially recommended to yourself. I would I had to print a copy of my own menu, my treatment on native American Indians, my book on the mosquito to go along to be handily illustrated, Helena, believe me."

She turned upon me with a curious look.

"Harry," said she, "you're changed in some ways. If I were not so bored by life in powder bathtubs I might even be interested in you for a